The Nice Guy

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The Nice Guy

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Things are really bad for Charlie since getting sacked from Katherine Newbury, but then he meets someone who might change his luck.

Notes

This started with the intention of being a strangers to lovers in a coffeeshop AU, but quickly moved to the bedroom instead. So now it's mostly a celeb strangers to lovers AU with a bit of coffee thrown in.

“Fuck,” Charlie cursed and winced as he pushed into Beau’s tight body.

He had never, ever, considered sex as one of those bells ringing, angel’s singing sort of experiences before. But this had immediately changed his mind.

“Are you alright?” Beau asked, panting beneath him, his legs pulled up to Charlie’s hips. He reached up and pushed back the little bit of fringe that had fallen onto Charlie’s sweaty brow.

“I think… I can’t move. If I move I’m gonna come.”

At that Beau let out a chuckle. Not the sort of antagonistic piss take one that Charlie had always been used to. Instead there was comfort in it, and some delight. And the Beau shushed him and cupped his face.

“It’s okay if you do.”

Charlie nodded, resisting the urge to defend himself. To explain that this had never happened with the vast number of women he'd been with over the years. But what was the point? They weren't comparable. Charlie had never been so turned on in his fucking life. Never so hard before, so desperate. Never wanted this so badly or enjoyed it so much. It was a wonder he didn't fucking come the moment Beau had kissed him.

Charlie let out a nervous laugh, trying to catch his breath as he buried his face at Beau's neck.

"Fuck," Charlie mumbled again. "You're so bad for my ego."

"Hmm," Beau hummed his amusement as he ran his hands over Charlie's back. "But I'm such a nice guy."

Six Hours Earlier

It threatened to be another fantastically shitty day for Charlie Fain, a man who had fallen so far from his pedestal that he was no longer a writer, but a barista. Like a strange switcheroo. It had been a shock to the system to have to fall back onto the parts of his resume from when he was a struggling writer trying to make it in the business. The business from which he had now made an embarrassing and unceremonious fall.

Every day he turned up, clocked on and remembered the words Molly had said to him back when she still remotely respected him. How she'd, correctly, interpreted his work ethos -

"Be fine being completely obsolete, basically don't enjoy your job"

The words were never more true for Charlie than they were now.

It would be wrong to say that every day had become much like the last, because in fact, every day grew increasingly depressing. It didn't help that some of his old coworkers discovered his new job.

The coffee shop was just off-off Broadway, and one of the runners from set had recognised him when she'd come in after a play one evening. Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad had it not been one of the many girls on set he'd fucked, and then fucked over. She clearly couldn't wait to let people know where he was and what he'd been reduced to. And he wasn't that sure he could blame her.

Not exactly the first time his dick had got him into trouble. After all, that was how he'd ended up here. If he'd kept it in his pants when it came to Katherine Newbury, he wouldn't now be out of a job and completely unable to get so much as a meeting with another show.

Even his stand-up gigs had taken a nosedive. After heckling got out of hand the clubs wouldn't have him back either.

So, yeah, every day was just getting shittier and shittier and at the weekend he needed to move out of his apartment and into some complete shit hole because he could no longer afford the rent.

"Can you wipe the tables down?"

The grumbled question came from his colleague, Chad. A college kid who was now his manager.

“Sure, boss.” Charlie replied, his tone clipped. Chad gave him a hard stare but as yet hadn’t worked out when Charlie was or wasn’t being a prick to him (which was actually about 98% of the time), so he said nothing. And Charlie picked up the squirty bottle and a clean cloth and moved from behind the counter.

It was a slow evening. Most of the theatres had let out an hour ago and it wasn’t long until closing.

“You finished with that?” Charlie huffed at the customer sitting in the corner table, a cap pulled down in the time honoured tradition of famous people trying to hide in public.

The man nodded and Charlie grabbed the empty plate on which the man had had one of their last pastries.

Charlie hadn’t served him, and in fact had only just noticed him, so he had no idea who the man was or what level of stardom he was hiding, and frankly Charlie didn’t give a shit.

“We’re closing in ten.” Charlie grunted and started to make his way around the rest of the tables.

By the time everything was cleared and Chad had cashed out the register, the shop was empty all but for the man in the corner.

Now he was sat intently tapping away at his phone like his life depended on it.

With a heavy sigh, Charlie went back over and crossed his arms over his chest.

“We’re closing, buddy. I have exactly five days left to enjoy my really fucking great apartment before I downgrade to a dive, and I’m not going to waste time I should be spending there waiting for you to finish your level of candy crush.”

The man looked up from his phone and then shook his head, as though a little bewildered. He pressed a couple more keys and then put his phone to his ear and stood. With the phone held to his ear by his shoulder, the man took out his wallet and threw down a few bills tip, mouthed ‘sorry’ and then made for the door, which Chad held open for him.

By the time the man got to the door he was speaking animatedly into the phone in some language that was definitely not English.

Charlie picked up the notes from the table, under Chad’s watchful eye, and pocketed half of them before stuffing the rest into Chad’s hand as he exited. He didn’t wait for Chad to finish locking up before he continued down the road, pulling out his cigarettes and lighting up.

He stopped as he took his first drag in many hours, savouring it. He closed his eyes, breathed deep and then slowly exhaled the smoke out into the cool New York air.

“Could I trouble you for one of those?”

Charlie was startled from his reverie, and opened his eyes to find the man in the cap standing next to him. It was too dark to make out anything now, especially with the cap pulled down.

“My friend, if you’re planning on robbing me, you’re going to be sorely disappointed.” Charlie joked at the man’s get up.

“What? No, um sorry.” The man sounded shocked at the suggestion and then with his realisation, removed his cap and smoothed down his hair. “I just really need a cigarette and I don’t think the 7-11 is open.”

“Given that it has indeed gone eleven, probably not.” Charlie muttered. He was about to tell the man to get fucked, big tip or no, cigarettes were one of his few luxuries. But then the man turned slightly and the street light hit him differently and-

“Shit. Aren’t you Beau Mikkelsen?”

Charlie wasn’t the sort of person who got starstruck. Not only did he consider himself way too cool to experience such a feeling, he had also worked as a writer in show business for long enough to be desensitised. Or so he thought.

He cleared his throat, trying to cover up the clear thrill that had gone through him at recognising the man.

“Here,” Charlie held out the cigarette packet and his lighter to the man, which he took with a grateful nod.

Beau lit the cigarette and took a drag before handing the packet and lighter back. “Thanks. I’ve been trying to quit, but sometimes. Y’know?”

Charlie chuckled, “Yeah, I know.”

There was a moment of silence and Charlie knew he should say goodbye, but there was a niggling part of him that wouldn’t allow it.

The man in front of him was one of the world’s top movie stars. In fact, if the man had been American, he would probably be *the* top movie star. But that was how things went in the business.

A cigarette, and maybe a drink, and his usual charm? Maybe by the end of the evening he’d have a new contact and be on his way to writing in Hollywood!

It was never the sort of writing he wanted to do, but at this point he’d have been happy to sell his own grandmother (god rest her soul), in order to get back into the industry.

“You seem troubled, everything okay?” Charlie switched to such sincere concern that he was sure it would work. There was never a time before when it hadn’t.

Beau eyed him for a moment and then said, “Thanks for the cigarette,” and started to walk away.

“Hey, wait.” Charlie started after him and Beau stopped. “Look, I was just about to go grab a nightcap.” Charlie lied. “I’m always happy for company, don’t need to talk. And you can even put your cap back on if you like. Very fetching.” Charlie grinned.

Beau looked at him again, frowning as though trying to work him out. But then he gave a curt nod.

“Okay, one drink.”

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Charlie had to admit surprise at how nice a guy Beau was.

Of course, fans and peers alike always seemed to say that of the man, but Charlie had been around his fair share of famous people and by and large, the better known they were, the more of an asshole they were.

They’d found a really dark, circular booth in the back of an extremely dimly lit bar, which had been the attraction Charlie assumed when Beau had pointed the place out.

Two drinks in and they were genuinely laughing and having a good time. Charlie had been prepared to fake as much interest as possible to become this guy’s new best friend, but actually it hadn’t been necessary.

Inevitably they had talked a little about the Mads Concept spy movies that had made Beau famous, but then they’d moved on more generally to working in Hollywood, and how Beau wanted to make more Danish movies in the future.

And Charlie found that he was liking the guy despite himself. In some bizarre universe, they might even be friends.

Charlie wasn’t a man that kept friends. Sure, he could charm people, use them. For sex, for work, for some sort of edge or benefit. But actual friends?

Truth was, he’d kinda liked Kathrine. Not like he wanted her to leave her husband and shack up with him. But over their emails he felt he’d connected in some way. On reflection, it hadn’t even been to her specifically, as much as he’d enjoyed her wit. It was just being able to connect with anyone, which had been much easier over email than in person, especially with someone who was so remote. He almost enjoyed those conversations more than the sex. Actually maybe he did.

Charlie couldn’t even remember the last time he’d enjoyed talking with someone like this. Maybe not since college? Since before everything just became about how far he could get and how useful that person might be.

“You’re suddenly quiet.” Beau noted, raising his glass.

Charlie huffed out a chuckle and shook his head. “Just thinking about my old job.”

“Your old job?” Beau asked, curious.

Charlie was about to reply, and then stopped. He could tell Beau he's a writer fallen on hard times, start making those inroads to try and pull on his sympathies later, but he didn't want to. Which in itself was bizarre, so he shook his head again.

"Boring stuff. I'm sure your job is much more fascinating."

Beau grinned and shook his head. "In my latest movie I spend the majority of my time fighting an invisible enemy for a briefcase full of national secrets. Only I can see him because of the tech implants in my eyes."

Charlie laughed, "Sounds great."

"It has to have been the most tedious shoot I've ever endured."

"Hey, I'll watch it when it comes out." Charlie grinned and raised his glass in a toast.

Beau let out a heavy sigh, "You and many others I'm sure."

Charlie frowned and cocked his head, "Mads Concept is an idol for loads of people, everyone loves those movies. Smooth guy." Charlie assured as he knocked back his drink.

"The man is a pig." Beau grumbled, "If I wasn't locked into the multi movie deal I wouldn't do more. But here I am. Stuck in a role I was told would be a new progressive take on the franchise."

"Oh." Charlie blinked and really looked at Beau then. This wasn't a man being modest or at worst having a bad day, there was a clear disillusionment there. It was clear in that moment, Beau Mikkelsen hated playing Mads Concept. "Shit, I'm sorry."

Beau shook his head, looking down as he continued.

"Today I auditioned for a play, and as I left the coffee shop I finally got hold of my agent only to discover it was a no. It was a polite no, of course. The audition was great, apparently. They just didn't think the audience would take Mads Concept seriously as Hamlet." Beau took another chug of his own drink before putting it down more heavily than perhaps he realised. "I'm Danish for fucksake."

There was a moment of silence and then Beau broke into a laugh.

It cut the tension like a knife and Charlie couldn't help but join the laughter, "Maybe they are doing a modern New York take on it or something."

That made Beau laugh all the harder.

When the laughter started to subside Charlie wasn't immediately aware of how they'd somehow moved a little closer to each other in the circular booth. He only became aware when he realised how Beau had fixed him with a gaze that seemed both intense and soft at the same time.

“Thank you, I think I needed to laugh about something in all this.” Beau said softly, only just audible over the bar music.

Charlie was about to reply that it was happy to have helped, when Beau leaned in closing the space between them. Before Charlie had a chance to react, Beau pressed a soft, chaste kiss against his lips.

He could feel Beau move closer, about to deepen the kiss. There was a moment, a split second, where Charlie started to open to him.

At that Charlie jumped back, almost falling out of the booth, “What the fuck?!” He growled the words low, not wanting to draw attention. Looking around it seemed no one had even turned in their direction, and Charlie wanted to keep it that way.

Beau looked confused, a frown knitting his brow.

“I’m sorry, I think… did I misread this?” Beau asked.

“Misread? What the hell?” Charlie picked up his jacket, with every intention of leaving but Beau put a hand over his.

“Wait. You invited me for a drink, you’ve been flirting with me all evening. I thought…” Beau shook his head. He released Charlie’s hand to sit back and pull his wallet from his pocket. “I see. How much to keep you quiet?”

“What the fuck?” Charlie was bewildered more than insulted. He had to admit that his integrity was low at the best of times. But the realisation that Beau thought he’d sell him out unless paid off, strangely hurt. “I’m going to leave.” Charlie said, getting to his feet.

Beau threw some bills down onto the table to tip their waiter and Charlie didn’t wait to see if he followed.

He hoped he didn’t follow.

Charlie’s mind was reeling, he was trembling.

And nothing in his brain made sense any more.

The most machismo character in movie history was being played by a man who had just kissed him? Who liked kissing other men? And had thought that Charlie was chatting him up?

Charlie swallowed, his mouth dry, as he barrelled out the door and into the cool night air. He stopped for a moment, trying to get his wits about him, but then muttered a curse under his breath when he heard the door open and close again behind him.

“Charlie, wait.” Beau’s voice was low and rumbly. And Charlie shivered.

“What? I don’t-” Charlie turned and growled the words but Beau cut him off.

“What are you running from? I get it, this was a mistake. But look at you, you’re terrified. Are you just that homophobic or is there something else-”

“I’m not fucking homophobic,” Charlie replied, appalled. “But I’m not gay.”

“Well then what is this reaction? We could have just laughed this off, or maybe it might have been awkward, but to storm off?” Beau challenged. “You implied earlier that you idolised Concept, his womanising. You seem a very sexual person and now you are-”

“Not sure how this conversation became about my sex life?” Charlie spat the words, getting angrier by the moment.

Beau raised a brow, unperturbed and then asked calmly, “Did sleeping around ever make you happy?”

Charlie was too incensed to walk away from the question, but when he went to protest that actually, yes it did, he realised it didn’t. Never fucking had. If it had maybe he wouldn’t have done it. If he’d really connected with someone just fucking once, he might not have carried on fucking around like there was no tomorrow.

“Did kissing me make you happy?” Beau continued, softly.

“Don’t fucking think that you know me. You don’t. We’ve had a couple of drinks and then *you* kissed *me*.” Charlie growled, stabbing a finger at Beau’s chest.

Beau shook his head and chuckled, standing close enough that Charlie could smell the alcohol on his breath. “You’re not interested. And you weren’t flirting or chatting me up. So why did it feel like that? Didn’t it feel like that to you?”

Charlie reeled, taken aback and now feeling very fucking sober. Not least because in retrospect, Beau was right. “I wasn’t chatting you up! I was… Fuck, I was looking for an in. I’m a comedy writer, I was fired. And here you are, my new best friend and a meal ticket back to a decent job.”

Beau frowned, amused. “You were hoping I’d enjoy your company so much that I’d want to help you get a writing job in movies?”

“Why not? You enjoyed my company enough to want to kiss me, apparently.”

Beau laughed, “These are two very different things.”

“Oh, fuck off.” Charlie growled and turned on his heel to walk away.

“Wait!” Beau stopped him with a hand on his arm, “Let’s make a deal.”

Charlie raised a brow and yet didn’t resist as Beau looked around and then pulled him slightly into the alley along from the bar. Away from prying eyes like a fucking expert.

“If you let me kiss you for two minutes and you don’t get hard, I will put out some feelers for you.” Beau said, smirking.

Charlie was sure he wasn't serious, he was trying to push his buttons and see how desperate Charlie really was. Even so, Charlie glared at him and had to bite his tongue to stop himself from asking what would happen if he did get hard.

"I'm sure that's some sort of sexual harassment." Charlie growled.

Beau shrugged, "You're the one that wants something from me. And you don't have to. But I suspect you will. You'll say because of the job, and want people to think it's because of your ego. But I think we both know it's because you're curious."

"Fucking fine." Charlie threw up his hands signalling his defeat. One that wasn't hard won, which he hated to admit was because Beau was absolutely right. A moment later Beau pushed him against the wall.

Charlie had expected a hard and rough kiss, something almost aggressive. But instead Beau pinned him there and for at least thirty seconds just gazed at him as he ghosted their lips together.

Charlie swallowed and trembled. And for sure he'd have felt the same if a woman had kissed him like this. Absolutely.

By the time Beau pressed their lips together in a gentle, almost chaste kiss, Charlie was longing for it. But even so, he wasn't going to get fucking hard. He knew seduction when he saw it. He'd pulled tricks like this himself plenty of times.

And then he made the mistake of closing his eyes.

As soon as Charlie did, Beau deepened the kiss, slipping in his tongue. Charlie tried so hard not to reciprocate, but then he did with a slight moan.

Really it could have been anyone. Could have been a woman. If he ignored the burn of Beau's stubble, he could definitely be kissing a woman. It was just a great kiss, nothing to do with who was kissing him.

When Beau cupped a hand around the back of his neck, playing his fingers in the hair at his nape, Charlie groaned and the kiss deepened all the more. When Beau tightened his fingers in Charlie's hair, Charlie couldn't help the involuntary thrust of his hips against Beau. And-Fuck.

Beau pulled back, an abrupt end to their kiss as he looked down with a smile. "It seems kissing me does make you happy."

Charlie felt the red rise in his face. Anger? Humiliation? He wasn't sure. But he pushed Beau off all the same and started to stalk away from the alley.

"Charlie, Charlie wait." Beau jogged to catch up with him. "There is no need to be upset or embarrassed." He said gently, his accent made his words all the more soothing. "My hotel is nearby, come with me. Nothing need happen, just to talk. "

Beau didn't wait for an answer but started to walk, clearly expecting Charlie to follow.

Instead Charlie stood rooted to the spot. “You really think I’ll follow you don’t you?” Charlie huffed.

Beau turned back with a grin and then continued walking, saying over his shoulder, “Yes, I do.”

Charlie sighed and followed Beau.

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Beau’s hotel room was a suite. Nothing over the top, just the sort of space that allowed for a separate bedroom and living space, ideal for someone who might want to have meeting space.

And it was also less daunting. Having a space with a sofa and small bar, a little table by the window and a television on the wall. Better than just walking straight into a bedroom.

Because Charlie wasn’t just fucking daunted. He was terrified. And that wasn’t something he was used to being at all.

He was a brash guy. Text book *uses humour to keep people at a distance*, sometimes cruel humour if he wants to really avoid any interaction. Feeling on the back foot like this was completely new for him and he didn’t like it one bit.

But by the time they’d gotten to the suite, Charlie couldn’t turn back and lose face. Damn his machismo.

All in all, he’d brought this whole thing on himself. Whatever this *thing* was.

“Make yourself at home,” Beau said, shrugging off his jacket as he pointed to the plush sofa. “Would you like a drink?”

“I’d like several,” Charlie muttered, removing his own jacket as he walked and then throwing it over the back of the sofa before he took a seat.

It was firm and comfortable. It *felt* expensive.

Charlie was so busy trying to focus on not losing his shit and wondering what the fuck he was doing there, that he didn’t realise Beau had grabbed a couple of bottles of beer from the fridge until he stood in front of him.

Charlie took the offered drink and watched as Beau dropped down into the far end of the sofa.

“I really do want to talk.” Beau started. “And not just because I’d prefer to make sure you don’t make my secret public. It shouldn’t, but it will damage my career.”

“Do you usually go around kissing random guys like that?” Charlie’s tone was accusatory. Didn’t seem the best way to stay in the closet.

Beau huffed a laugh and shook his head. “No, not at all. I’m usually incredibly discrete. To the point that I’ve gone years here and there without so much as a kiss let alone much more.”

“Fuck.” Charlie shook his head and then gulped back some of the beer before swallowing and adding, “I can’t imagine that. I think I’d go insane without regular sex.”

“Hmm,” Beau hummed his agreement but added nothing further on that subject. “Perhaps it was just the circumstance of this evening. The disappointment of not getting the theatre role. Drinking a little. Having a handsome stranger flirt with me.” Beau grinned.

Charlie felt his skin prickle and denied it once again, “I wasn’t flirting with you.” Looking back of course he could see the way it might have been interpreted. The way he naturally turned on the charm when there was something he wanted, in this case a job not sex. “At least not intentionally.”

For a moment Charlie thought Beau was going to push it but didn’t, instead he drained the rest of his bottle and set it on the low coffee table next to the sofa before relaxing back into the cushions. And Charlie had to admit Beau was an attractive man. That was just an objective observation.

All the same Beau caught his gaze and smirked. It was a soft smirk, but a smirk nonetheless, and that seemed to prompt the man.

“You got hard when we kissed.”

Charlie felt the unaccustomed blush rise on his cheeks and he shook his head dismissively, hiding behind his own bottle and swigging some more as the silence drew out. Finally he realised Beau wasn’t going to allow him not to reply.

So Charlie shrugged, “It was a good kiss. Not about who was kissing. I’d have been just as hard if you were a woman.”

“Just as hard? Not harder? Not more turned on? As you love women so much.”

Charlie sighed, “I feel like you’re trying to trap me. And whilst I am feeling pretty well sober again right now I-”

“I’m not trying to trap you, Charlie.” Beau replied softly, looking away, playing a hand across the back of the sofa. Casual and at ease the opposite of how Charlie felt. “There’s just… The way we talked,” Beau shook his head.

“What?” Charlie narrowed his eyes.

“You remind me of an ex of mine. Closetted, still closetted, not that I can judge that of course. But before and after we were together he was a committed womaniser. The best cover of course. It didn’t work out for us because he was also a committed womaniser *during* our time together. And I couldn’t condone it. The way he treated women just to keep his secret.”

“That’s not like me… I mean, fuck.” Charlie’s jaw tightened. “Yeah, maybe I could treat women better than I do.” An understatement, he knew. “But it’s not because I’m hiding

something."

"That's what he used to think. He was doing this most of his life before he realised the reason he could never connect in a meaningful way with a woman was because he was gay."

"I'm not fucking gay!" Charlie growled.

Beau wasn't smirking any more, if anything he looked concerned, and he nodded. "Okay, that's fine. Maybe so. I just…" He stood and went to his jacket, taking a card out of his pocket. He walked over to Charlie, standing in front of him to hand it over. "Here. This is my number. I'll try and help you with a writing job. But I want you to know that I will be here if you ever need anyone to talk to."

Charlie nodded and took the card, their fingers accidentally brushing felt like a spark of electricity.

Fuck. His dick twitched.

Beau was fucking gorgeous, anyone with eyes knew that. Didn't need to be gay to appreciate that!

But that kiss!

Fuck.

Had he been flirting? Intentionally?

Whatever he'd been doing it had felt so natural and good right up until the moment he'd been confronted by it all with Beau's chaste kiss.

Charlie's mind was racing. Was he attracted to Beau? Maybe?

Had he ever been attracted to guys in the past?

There was a sudden stab of pain in his chest at the thought. He could see a sea of female faces until they all blurred into one. And then that kid from school. The shy one that everyone picked on for being too sensitive and too feminine, for looking at that one other boy a little too long. The one whose dad knocked him about for the same reasons - to make a man out of him.

Charlie sucked in a breath and pulled back his hand, rubbing at his right arm at the memory.

That day he'd come home after having been beaten the shit out of. He was maybe eight, and his dad took one look at him, at his bloody nose, and beat him some more.

Beat the gay out of him before he'd even know what it was.

Charlie got to his feet, causing Beau to take a step back.

“Thanks,” He grunted as he picked up his jacket. It had been years since he’d even thought about it and now he didn’t even care. He had made a life, regardless of the child he had been, and he wasn’t about to get sentimental or weird over it. It was what it was.

Fuck. Maybe if things had been different he wouldn’t be like this. He might have treated women better. Might have let himself-

“Charlie,” Beau grabbed his arm loosely. “Are you alright.”

Charlie huffed out a laugh. “Just fine.”

And he was. He had been so out of touch with his own emotions for so many years that this didn’t even make a dent, though he was sure it should.

Instead it just made him angry and… curious.

Charlie turned to Beau, who still had a light hold of his arm. “Are you attracted to me?”

Beau frowned and removed his hand. “I will admit I am. But that isn’t the reason I’m going to help you, or the reason I’d be happy to talk. I don’t want you to think-”

Charlie dropped his jacket to the floor and took Beau’s face in both his hands, leaning in to kiss him softly. The way he’d kissed so many women to woo them, to get them into bed. But this was the first time he felt something.

Unlike every previous time he’d kissed in his life, when he kissed Beau, as soft as it was, his heart panged. He couldn’t even describe the sensation. Maybe like skipping a beat?

He breathed out heavily through his nose as he continued to kiss Beau, deepening it and not letting the man go. Though he didn’t try to pull back or shrug Charlie off anyway.

When Charlie finally broke the kiss to breath, Beau let out a soft chuckle, but there was concern in his eyes.

“Are you wanting to experiment? Test a theory?” Beau asked, hesitant.

“Something like that,” Charlie replied, his voice husky.

“What do you want?” Beau asked, stepping closer, and Charlie could feel the press of Beau’s hardening cock against his thigh. “If you want a safe space to explore your sexuality with a stranger who will be gone tomorrow. I can do that. Whatever you want.”

“Fuck,” Charlie breathed and couldn’t resist burying his face in Beau’s neck, nuzzling there and feeling the man’s stubble against him. “I want… *something*. I don’t know. I’m so fucking hard.”

He illustrated the point by grinding himself against Beau, enjoying the way the man moaned. Enjoying the damn manliness of it.

There was no denying that Beau being a man had him harder than any woman ever had. In fact, half the time that had been a mix of perfunctory and just needing a release. Half the reason he was rarely with the same woman twice was because he didn't want them to catch onto his routine.

He'd eat them out first. He didn't hate it but he didn't get much out of it, other than enjoying their gasps and moans. Once he made them come he'd fuck them, depending on how they liked it. Pin their hands down and take them rough, or kiss them gently and take them softly. His preference was them on top, let them do all the work, but he'd go with whatever they wanted just so he could come.

This was not that.

This was so intense it sent shivers through his entire body and they weren't even doing anything yet. But damn, his interest cock wanted to do *something*.

Charlie was about to suggest Beau suck him off, when Beau said, "Do you want to fuck me?"

"Fuck!" Charlie groaned and nearly creamed his pants at the thought. He'd done anal with girls plenty of times, some girls were really into that. But fucking a guy's ass?

"Y-yes," He replied on a shaky breath.

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As Beau had fingered himself open like it was a damn show, Charlie had nearly lost his mind.

They'd ended up naked in Beau's gorgeous bedroom, and the man hadn't wasted any time before disappearing to the bathroom to clean up and gather supplies.

He'd returned a short while later, finding Charlie perched on the end of the bed, leisurely stroking his cock. In the time that took, he might have expected to question all of this. To wonder what the fuck was happening, but he didn't. It seemed right and he couldn't fucking wait.

Charlie felt like he'd grown as a person just admitting that internally.

With nothing more than a smirk, Beau had climbed onto the bed and turned his ass to Charlie, making soft little sounds and muttering dirty talk about how he couldn't wait for Charlie to fuck him.

It was the hottest thing Charlie had ever fucking seen. Hotter than any cute young woman with her legs open and welcoming.

"This night is going to ruin me forever," Charlie made the realisation out loud and Beau chuckled.

"Help me," Beau said softly, nodding towards the lube.

Breathing heavy and heart thundering, Charlie did as asked, moving next to Beau and lubing his own fingers. When Beau continued to slide in and out of his hole, not making room for Charlie, he got the message and pushed two of his own slicked fingers in alongside Beau's.

Stretched around four fingers, Beau let out a grunt and pushed back.

"That's going to feel so good," Charlie muttered to himself, drawing another laugh from Beau that had him clenching. Charlie's dick slapped against his stomach in response.

Beau used his fingers to guide Charlie's for a few minutes, breathing steadily but heavily.

"There," Beau gasped when Charlie's finger slid over a little bump. When Charlie did it again Beau groaned and then said, "Prostate."

"I figured," Charlie replied, his cheeks hot with fluster and desire. He couldn't help but glide over it again, feeling the moan through Beau's body.

"Fuck me," Beau growled. He removed his own and Charlie's fingers and then moved, positioning himself on his back, his legs open as he slid a pillow under his hips.

Charlie swallowed, shaking. His cock leaking more precome than he was sure he'd ever produced in the past all over the bedspread.

When Beau reached out his arms, Charlie moved into them, pressing their lips and bodies together. They kissed deeply, as gentle hands guided Charlie where he was wanted and then pushed back on his chest.

Breathless, Charlie moved back and then looked down as Beau grabbed a condom from the side and expertly sheathed him. A palmful of lube followed and Charlie was sure he was already going to shake apart from Beau's hand on his cock.

When Beau looked at him with a determined gaze and positioned Charlie's cock against his hole, Charlie was sure he was going to lose it.

"Come on, Charlie." Beau moaned the soft encouragement and hiked his legs up around Charlie as he pressed forward.

"Fuck," Charlie cursed and winced as he pushed into Beau's tight body.

He had never, ever, considered sex as one of those bells ringing, angel's singing sort of experiences before. But this had immediately changed his mind.

"Are you alright?" Beau asked, panting beneath him, his legs pulled up to Charlie's hips. He reached up and pushed back the little bit of fringe that had fallen onto Charlie's sweaty brow.

"I think… I can't move. If I move I'm gonna come."

At that Beau let out a chuckle. Not the sort of antagonistic piss take one that Charlie had always been used to. Instead there was comfort in it, and some delight. And the Beau shushed him and cupped his face.

“It’s okay if you do.”

Charlie nodded, resisting the urge to defend himself. To explain that this had never happened with the vast number of women he’d been with over the years. But what was the point? They weren’t comparable. Charlie had never been so turned on in his fucking life. Never so hard before, so desperate. Never wanted this so badly or enjoyed it so much. It was a wonder he didn’t fucking come the moment Beau had kissed him.

Charlie let out a nervous laugh, trying to catch his breath as he buried his face at Beau’s neck.

“Fuck,” Charlie mumbled again. “You’re so bad for my ego.”

“Hmm,” Beau hummed his amusement as he ran his hands over Charlie’s back. “But I’m such a nice guy.”

“Nice ass,” Charlie chuckled in response, feeling more relaxed than he had with anyone ever before.

“Hmm,” Beau hummed again and clenched down around Charlie’s cock. “Just fuck me, however long you can.”

Charlie chuckled and began to move, his whole body quivering as he started to thrust.

He didn’t dare slide back too far. If he accidentally pulled out there was no way he wasn’t going to come when he slid back in again. So he kept the thrusts shallow, but increasingly hard as Beau responded with moans and the tightening of his thighs around Charlie.

“You’re good at this,” Beau rumbled as Charlie pressed their foreheads together, rocking his hips.

“Not my first time, just my first with a guy.” Charlie panted. And the thought was, yet again, almost enough to make him come. He stopped again and Beau let out a soft chuckle.

“Just fuck me, Charlie. I know you want to.”

With a growl Charlie resumed, planting his knees firmer and pumping into the man beneath him. Beau clung all the harder to him as Charlie picked up the pace until he was fucking hard and deep and felt like he was going to lose his damn mind.

“Fuck, fuck. Fuuuuuuck. Beau.” Charlie was damn near shouting as Beau started to meet each of his thrusts.

Charlie lowered his mouth to Beau’s, kissing the man passionately as he continued to thrust. That should have startled him, the sensation of stubble. The notion that, yes, he was really fucking a man. But it didn't, it only made his cock throb all the more.

He could feel a hand between them and then Beau clenching around him as he began to stroke his own cock. It was an overwhelming and perfect sensation that Charlie knew he’d need to feel again and again.

Charlie came as they both moaned into each other's mouths, and a moment later he felt the wet warmth of Beau spurting between them.

They lay there, gently rocking together for a few minutes. Panting into each other and stealing a few more kisses, before Charlie pulled out and collapsed onto his back, exhausted.

They both stared up at the ceiling as they caught their breath, until finally Charlie spoke.

"I'm not going to tell anyone. Whatever happens from here on. I mean… honestly, I don't think I want you to help me. It would feel weird now." Charlie found himself saying. Which was insane, as Beau was far from the first person he'd slept with in order to further his career. But there was something so intimate and personal about this that even if he could sell this information about Beau without implicating himself in any way, he just couldn't do it.

"Why would you do that for me?" Beau murmured against his cheek.

"Because I'm a nice guy." Charlie grinned, looking over at him.

"We both know you're not." Beau chuckled.

"You're not the first to tell me this." Charlie huffed a laugh.

"If you don't want my help, then will we see each other again?" Beau asked, sliding his hand over Charlie's chest in an unexpectedly possessive way.

"I'd like to. Guess it depends on whether you get any work locally." Charlie replied, turning his head to nuzzle against Beau.

"Even more incentive to ditch Concept and head to Broadway." Beau replied, rolling and getting up so that he was straddling Charlie, able to lean down and claim another passionate kiss.

Charlie pulled in a gasp, getting the sense of something heavy in the air. An important decision laid out and waiting to be taken.

Because it seemed obvious to him that for Beau the most simple way to do this was also the most difficult. He could come out and take the hit for his career. Step away from the Concept movies in what was sure to be the preference of the producers, prove what an amazing actor he'd been all these years. Certainly good enough for any Broadway play he deigned be a part of.

Charlie shivered at the thought of having this again in the future. He might even attempt to be a nice guy for Beau Mikkelsen.

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